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THE
BRIDAL NIGHT

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN

JOANNES SECUNDUS NICOLAUS

DEDICATED

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUKE

LUDWIG ST. LIEHT, 1818
TIBBAGO BATH

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BRIDAL NIGHT

THE BRIDAL

FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN



DEDICATED 43.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
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DUKES

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1727

THE
BRIDAL NIGHT.

HAIL, genial hour!
In myrtle bow'r
Of young-eyed Pleasure born;
Whom wanton wiles,
And jests, and smiles,
And roseate sports adorn.

Sweet hour, all hail!
With envy pale
Which Jove himself might see;
And own, at least,
His nectar'd feast
Equall'd, sweet hour! by thee.

No happier hour
The Gnydian Pow'r
Could on blest man bestow :
Nor he, who reigns
O'er farthest plains,
God of the fatal bow,

Young Cupid! wild
As any child,
Who shakes his purple wings;
And some rich joy,
Delicious boy!
On ev'ry sorrow flings :

Nor thou, great queen!
Unrivall'd seen
With wond'rous grace to move;
At love's high feast
A bidden guest,
Sister and wife of Jove:

Nor

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Nor Hymen, thou,
Upon the brow
Of tuneful mountain born;
Who dwell'ft in bow'rs
Of am'rous flow'rs;
And, from her mother torn,

Lead'ft much afraid,
Much pleas'd, the maid,
(Midft doubts, and hopes, and fighs,)
To the dear youth,
Who, full of truth,
In wild expectance lies.

O hour of blifs!
To equal this
Olympus ftrives in vain:
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy fwain!

Hail, wedded boy!
Whose only joy
Soon in thy arms shall rest;
And face to face,
In fond embrace,
Sink gently on thy breast:

She! who all day
An infant lay
Prattling at Beauty's feet;
Who kiss'd the child,
And, as it smil'd,
Breath'd o'er it ev'ry sweet,

Breath'd charms so bright;
That at the sight
Venus shrunk back with awe;
And from her skies,
With envious eyes,
Indignant Juno saw

A nobler

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

A nobler mein:
E'en Wisdom's queen
With female anger glow'd;
And ask'd what chance,
At each proud glance,
Such matchless gifts bestow'd?

Should they all three
Once more agree
To visit Ida's shade;
And should again
The shepherd swain
Be of the contest made

Sole judge: no more
To Paphos' bow'r
Would laughing Venus bear
The prize away;
No longer say,
"I'm fairest of the fair!"

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

But with one choice,
With one loud voice,
Hers would the apple be,
In feature, sense,
And elegance,
Who most resembled thee.

O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain:
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Hail, happy bride!
Thy husband's pride,
Who soon in eager fold;
The conscious bed
With blushes red;
Thy virgin neck shall hold.

Long

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

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Long hath the fire
Of slow desire
His early prime consum'd ;
Marking, as blows
The opening rose,
How thy young beauties bloom'd ;

Thy breasts of snow ;
Thy lips that glow
In health divinely warm ;
And thy bright hair,
With artless care
Whose wanton ringlets charm.

" Ne'er will the sun
His circuit run ?"

Impatient of delay,
He sighing cries :

" O moon arise !
" O come, O come away !

" Come,

" Come, mildly bright,

" Pure orb of light!

" To thee such scenes belong:

" Come ev'ry star!

" And from afar

" Begin the bridal song."

O hour of blifs!

To equal this

Olympus strives in vain:

O happy pair!

O happy fair!

O happy, happy swain!

Cease, cease thy fears,

Thy vows, thy tears,

O, fervent bride, cease;

Soon shall thy heart,

No more to part,

Resume it's long-lost peace.

Soon

Soon from her throne
Of cygnet's down,
With many a chaplet gay,
Love's constant friend!
Shall Venus bend,
And chide the ling'ring day.

She chides;—and see,
The burning sea
Its radiant God receives;
Faintly he gleams,
And his shorn beams
In blushing billows laves.

See, in her hand
An ebon wand,
How his lov'd sister guides
Her silver car,
Sweet wanderer!
Climbing heav'n's crystal sides.

Mark

Mark too that star,
 To virgins dear,
 Hesper! with glitt'ring head;
 Who loves his train
 O'er the blue plain
 In golden ranks to lead,

O hour of bliss!
 To equal this
 Olympus strives in vain:
 O happy pair!
 O happy fair!
 O happy, happy swain!

Now shall the maid
 At length be laid
 A rich unspotted prize;
 Now youth beware,
 Be yours the care,
 That she no maid arise.

Now,

Now, plac'd in bed,
With unfeign'd red
Her beauteous face shall glow;
Now shall she fear
Thy tread to hear
And hope, and wish it now.

Perhaps a tear,
As cryſtal clear,
In trickling haſte may flow:
Perhaps with ſighs
Your heart ſhe tries,
Or murmur'ing vents her woe.

But mind not thou
The tears that flow,
Mind not the piteous ſigh;
Soft-ſoothing ſpeak,
And her wet cheek
Wipe with thy kiſſes dry.

O hour

O hour of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Thus when supine
With limbs divine
She prints the nuptial bed ;
And, like a flow'r
With hasty show'r
O'ercome, her virgin head

Hangs down in shame ;
When o'er her frame
Soft languors gently creep,
And the clos'd eye,
Unknowing why,
Attempts in vain to sleep ;

When

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

When at the side
Of thy dear bride
Thou liest, Dione's care!
Happier in love
Than am'rous Jove,
Than monarchs happier far!

Then, in full tides
Whilst vigour glides
Trembling thro' ev'ry vein,
Begin the fight
Of fierce delight,
Of pleasure mixt with pain.

Then, let the kifs
Of humid blifs
O'er her sweet body fly;
O'er her warm cheek,
Her eyes, her neck,
And lips of luscious dye.

C

Ofs

Oft shall she cry,
" O cruel! fy!
Oft, weeping say, " forbear:
Oft shall her hand
Your lips withstand;
Oft meet you, you know where.

O night of blifs!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain:
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Much in defence
Of innocence,
Of virtue's nicest laws,
Will the dear maid
Affrighted plead;
And urge a moment's pause.

In vain she strives ;
Enjoyment lives
On such endear'd delays ;
And the wild fire
Of fierce desire,
Oppos'd, the wilder plays.

Hence proud in arms,
O'er her rich charms
With nimblest strength you move ;
Hence, bolder grown,
To the great throne
Of love insatiate rove.

What vast excess
Of happiness ;
In show'rs of kisses veil'd,
When her soft cries
In softer sighs
You drown, and win the field !

O night of blifs!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain:
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy fwain!

Not but he'll speak
In accents meek,
Pleading his tale of love;
Soft! as when plays
The filken breeze,
That wakes the whisp'ring grove;

Soft! as when coos
The dove, that woos
His mate in vernal bow'rs;
Or, with sweet throat,
When last her note
The Swan expiring pours.

Till vanquish'd quite
In the fond fight,
O'ercome by Cupid's dart;
She lends her ear,
In blushing fear,
And yields her virgin heart:

Till, that she lies
All bare, and cries
" Sweet lovely murd'rer come!"
Expand her arms,
Unfolds her charms,
And panting waits her doom.

O night of bliss!
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain:
O happy pair!
O happy fair!
O happy, happy swain!

Then shall thy lip,
Delighted, sip
The dew of nectar'd bliss;
Then shall thy soul,
Without controul,
Enjoy the ling'ring kiss.

Then thy rich smiles,
And wanton wiles,
As wanton she'll return;
With raptures sweet
Thy raptures meet;
And, as thou burnest, burn.

Then close to thine
Her mouth shall join,
Sucking voluptuous breath;
Till, in one sigh
Of extasy,
Both touch the verge of death:

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

Till that, more gay
In am'rous play,
The genial couch she shakes;
Warm, livelier sports
Inventive courts;
And what she wishes speaks :

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain:
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Then, then "to arms!"
The queen of charms;
"To arms ! young Cupid cries ;"
They hear, they fly ;
Resolv'd to die,
Or win the glorious prize.

Till

They

They pant, they bleed ;
Who shall succeed,
Who best the contest wage,
Now their sole care :
Love's nimble Spear
Provoking mutual rage.

That wond'rous Spear,
Great God of war !
Which not thy sister guides ;
But one more dear,
Thy mistress fair !
Who at these sports presides ;

Who, in such flights
Well-pleas'd, delights
The last, great thrust to spy ;
Who loves to see
Coy chastity
A bleeding victim lie.

Mark,

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

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Mark, with what heat !
They struggling meet !
How ev'ry limb's employ'd !
Till at the last,
Consuming fast,
Enjoying, and enjoy'd.

They gasp for breath :
A moment's death
Th' enervate body knows ;
While, on each side,
Love's various tide
In streams of pleasure flows.

O night of bliss !
To equal this
Olympus strives in vain :
O happy pair !
O happy fair !
O happy, happy swain !

Rest,

Rest, take your ease :
May sports like these,
With many a conscious moon,
Be oft renew'd ;
As oft be view'd
By many a blushing fun!

And, O blest pair !
May offsprings dear,
Soon crown your fond embrace ;
Soon may they rise,
To glad your eyes,
A long, and beauteous race!

Whose converse gay
Will chase away
Each heart-consuming care ;
Whose infant smile
Those pains beguile,
Those pains you're doom'd to bear.

And ;

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

And; when old-age
Life's whitest page
Shall from your sight remove;
Who on your bier
Will drop a tear,
The tear of filial love!

Rest, take your ease;
For sports like these
New strength, new vigour gain:
Rest, happy pair!
Rest, happy fair!
Rest, happy, happy twain.

F I N I S.

1942-1943 20 12 11

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31 MAY 1951